

Heat

by Guardian of Heart

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Summary: [PWP; Oneshot] Neither could particularly fathom what exactly it was they were doing, but neither could find it in themselves to stop. The summer love that swelled between them was far too sweet, too intoxicating and mesmerizing to stop.

Heat

**Author's Note: **...there are _no words _to justify why I wrote a PWP. I'm not sure what the context of it is; all I know is I wanted to write some HiJack loving and this was the end result. I remember getting the idea of Jack liking Hiccup's 'heat' so to speak when I was taking a walk. It was kinda cold outside, and when I finally got home and the heat smacked me in the face it was sort of euphoric. Threw in some HiJack thoughts and hey-hey: this smutty mess came to be. I actually wrote this over the course of two weeks slowly, solely because I wanted to take my time with this and make sure I squeezed in as many of my favorite Fanfic!kinks as I could.

â€|this is mostly just fluffy descriptions, conflicting emotions, and a _hell _of a lot of _touching_**.*And heat. Lots of heat and horny Jacks. I like writing passion shut up *hides*

ahem Pardon me while I bury myself in the snow now.

* * *

><p>Time, it seemed, was slowing.</p>

They simply sat there, allowing the laughter to retard into a thick, steady silence. Neither of them seemed to know what to say. Both boys were sitting nearly shoulder to shoulder in the winter snow. A cool breeze blew by every once in a while, gently ruffling their hair and sending chills down Hiccup's spine. For a moment, Hiccup was unsure if it was Jack making him cold or Berk in general. Sure, Berk had

some pretty horrendous weather (no thanks to Jack that is) but Jack practically emanated cold. It didn't require much of a distance to feel the chill that lingered on Jack's skin; Hiccup could usually tell when Jack was coming by the strength of the wind.

One time, he was in his workshop and it nearly threw him over when the Guardian came rushing through the window; not to mention the solid inch-or-so of snow that came toppling in with him. Yeah, that was fun to explain to his Dad. All in all, Jack had a habit of bringing cold mischief whenever he was around. That's not to say it was a bad thing, but hey; at least Hiccup and he are never bored. Snowball fights and late-night flights with Jack are always a blast. He could understand why the Man in the Moon dubbed him Guardian of Fun.

I guessâ€| there was a lot about Jack that Hiccup liked. He always knew just what to say and when (save for a few lame jokes here and there), and for once someone got Hiccup's sarcasm. And sure, the Guardian was as cold as ice butâ€| Hiccup was kind of starting to like it. Berk was horrendous when it came to the winter, but something about Jack wasâ€| different. The longer they'd spent time together, the more acquainted Hiccup became with the cool rush of Jack's presence. It was almost nice to be cold.

As if to snap him back to reality, the Viking felt the wind howl beside him. It hadn't noticed how fast it had picked up in his thought tangent. It nudged him slightly, as if to move him closer to the Guardian beside him. "The wind's picking up," Hiccup stated, desperate to break the silence that had made itself known between them. Jack merely nodded, an almost awkward smile stretched across his lips. He peeked over at Hiccup with a guilty glaze in his eyes.

"Yeah." He sighed, running his fingers through his hair with an apologetic chuckle. "Sorry about that."

Hiccup had almost forgotten about Jack's control of the wind. He'd never really seen the Guardian utilize his control over it unless they were flying and he needed the current's favor; most of the time, Jack was frosting little patterns on his window, or conjuring storms that completely shrouded Berk in snow. And â€“ on rare occasion â€“ Jack would unintentionally stir a small blizzard within the confines of Hiccup's room while they were alone. He'd mentioned once that sometimes the snow would come when he felt strong emotions. Happiness, sorrow, excitement â€“ any emotion, positive or negative, could conjure the storm.

A thought popped into Hiccup's head: he wondered if the wind could do the same.

"Don't tell me you're getting nervous or something," the Viking teased, poking Jack playfully in the shoulder.

"Nervous? Please." Jack laughed and shook his head, letting his eyes fall to the snow around his feet before looking back up at Hiccup. "Why would I be nervous around you, Haddock?"

Hiccup jokingly flexed his arm. "Well, I realize my rugged Viking-ness must be pretty overwhelming."

"Viking-ness? Ha! Dream on, fish-bone." Jack's laugh was rewarded with a sarcastic chuckle and a matching swat from Hiccup.

The Viking's laughter slowly began to stop as he turned to look his friend in the eyes. His thoughts wandered. Of all the things he liked about Jack, he supposed Jack wasn't bad _looking_, either. His eyes had a comfortable cobalt shade that reminded Hiccup of the furthest depths of the ocean. Like frosted windows to the soul, they seemed to obscure something about Jack he couldn't quite place. His long, silver lashes wove together almost gently when he blinked to cage the wild blues of his eyes. The skin around them was darkened, his eyelids bagged from sleepless centuries of wandering aimlessly.

He felt guilty for noticing so much about Jack, but from such a close glance he couldn't help but stare. Their eyes were locked in place; intense jade met a cool, winter blue in a deep exchange of gazes. Neither dared to peek higher, nor lower. Hiccup swallowed a lump in his throat. He felt his heart steadily knock against his ribs in a beat that seemed to crescendo with every second they stared. Hiccup watched " with hands that shook and a heart that beat swiftly " his friend's eyes lower, long lashes lowering the boundaries of blue that sat beneath them. It sunk in that Jack was staring at his lips.

"Umâ€œ! Jack?" he stuttered, fumbling to break the impenetrable silence. His confidence faltered as he watched Jack's eyes dart between his lips and his eyes.

But how could Jack help it? There was something _hypnotic _about the verdant hue of Hiccup's eyes, something warm that he longed for in the endless winter he called his life. It was a strange sensation. When he looked in Hiccup's eyes, he saw somethingâ€œ! something beautiful. What that was, he didn't know; but it was desirable and radiant like the summer sun. The canvas of his pale cheeks was touched with freckles and a light blush from sitting in the cold so long. It seems a little silly, but that rosy tint just made Jack want to kiss them.

And as his eyes dared to wander lower, past his goofy (but equally as adorable) nose and blushing cheeks, he found himself captured by the sight of Hiccup's lips. They held a similar pink to his cheeks, but a bit darker from sitting in the cold for so long. They parted for breath and quivered nervously as (he was _sure _Hiccup noticed) they caught Jack staring. They shifted to form soundless words; each fell to deaf ears as Jack simply stared and took in the sight of his "friend".

Jack's mind raced. Dear _gods_, he was in love with the doofus, wasn't he?

Hiccup swallowed heavily. He let his eyes wander further down from Jack's eyes to his lips as well. From this close, he noticed the frost-bitten purple they held and the chapped texture that cracked at the skin. They were thin, and pressed into a breathless smile that made Hiccup's heart run a marathon in his chest. He wasn't sure what was a more welcoming sight; the mystery of Jack's abysmalblue eyes or the allure of his lips. He felt his own eyes dart between them, until his eyelids grew heavy and the wind nudged him closer.

Jack could hardly register what was happening. He'd been gazing

shamelessly at his lips and suddenly they were moving closer. Hiccup's hypnotic green eyes had shut and his lips were parting and _Thor almighty, he was trying to kiss Jack. _The guardian felt a hint of panic as his friend drew closer, but swallowed it back as the temptation of kissing the boy grew stronger. The wind howled to a beat that Jack was _sure _would mimic his heart if he were still alive. It mocked him, and it moved him closer.

And the unthinkable happened: their lips met.

It was nothing special; a pair of lips pressed close to one another but dared not to move. An overwhelming summer heat and arctic chill met. They danced in a subtle gesture without really moving; neither of the boys were entirely sure if it was alright to move. It wasn't particularly the most graceful gesture, but for both it was heaven. Hesitance gnawed at both boys, and for a while they simply sat there, lip-to-lip in the snow. Inquiry buzzed angrily in Jack's head; was it okay to move his lips, or would he push the boundary too far? How much was he allowed to show Hiccup? How far could they even _get_?

In a fit of curiosity, Jack pressed closer and let his lips gently glide against Hiccup's. It was a cautious, languid movement that sent his frozen heart ablaze with sudden, fleeting _heat_. His lips were soâ€œ soft. Addictive. Trembling. Hypnotic. The wind howled louder, pressing Hiccup closer too.

By the _gods_, his heartbeat was insane. Hiccup breathed as best he could through his nostrils, and mimicked the gentle gesture, gliding his lips at Jack's curious pace. Why was this soâ€œ nice? _The touch of chapped, icy lips to his own was so foreign, yet so welcome and encouraged. He could feel his cheeks flushing an uncomfortable pink. Normally, the Viking would do everything in his power to hide it. But the feeling of Jack's lips numbed any stray worries in his mind.

As if to break the hesitant pace, Hiccup shifted to pull Jack closer to him, desperately weaving his fingers in his hair and tugging him closer. Jack blinked, but readily complied.

_Hiccup is full of surprises, _he thought with a slight smile. The Guardian crushed his lips to Hiccup's in a searing kiss; his action was greeted with subtle moan and pleasant warmth that blistered and swelled between them. As Hiccup leaned further and Jack skimmed his tongue across his bottom lip, they weren't just kissing in the December snow; it was July, and the heat sizzled and scorched against their skin.

Hiccup shuddered. The sensation of Jack's tongue skidding slowly across his bottom lip had his head spinning. His pulse was rapid, his body shook, and his thoughts raced; Jack's kisses were soâ€œ so _intoxicating_. The feeling reminded him of when his father had given him too much ale on Snoggletog; like then, he could _feel _reality slurring and fading into a dull blur around him. He could feel the push and pull of gravity guiding his body toward Jack's until they toppled over, Hiccup on top and Jack pulling him closer from below. Hiccup shivered as the Guardian's tongue nudged his lips once more.

A few more nudges without a response encouraged Jack's hands to slide delicately down the Viking's spine. He reveled in the muffled whimper

that made its way past Hiccup's trembling lips, and let his icy touch find the hem of his shirt. Jack tugged and teased it before sliding under to find the freckled skin beneath.

Hiccup's eyes fluttered and he gasped. Jack broke their kiss, watching his eyes fumble to stay open as he traced the Viking's spine with precision. Oh gods the look on his face was adorable. Hiccup's emerald eyes had a certain glaze to them. The summer sun that shined in them had hidden, almost shyly, beneath a darkened cloud that reminded Jack of a storm. His lips were parted slightly, tiny breaths creeping past them in broken shudders.

Jack felt himself shivering as well. The tips of his fingers barely brushed the intoxicating, freckled heat of Hiccup's back. Every brush felt like the rush of Spring's first warmth, and every breath echoed a cool Autumn breeze. The Guardian stared shamelessly at Hiccup's changing expressions. He wanted more.

With a quick peck to his friend's lips, Jack murmured, "Hiccupâ€| part your lips a little more."

Hiccup's eyes peeked open, glancing down at Jack with a hint of surprise at his sudden request. Jack's voice sounded deeper, huskier, and lowered to an octave that sent chills down his spine. Somehow, he found it alluring. Hesitantly, he complied. And as his friend pecked his lips and let his tongue slide past them almost desperately, Hiccup felt his face flush a deep crimson.

Jack groaned against him, reveling in the sweet Summer heat that blessed his tongue and caressed his lips. It seemed to chase away the endless chill that wrecked through his body, melted that almost painful cold he's grown accustomed to. It was addictive. It was delicious. Yet it was so uniquely Hiccup it made his heart ache. In a sudden rush of desire, Jack pulled Hiccup as close as he could manage, pushing their lips together harder and letting his tongue run along the inside of his mouth.

Both boys groaned a low, husky sound. Lips clashed hungrily; tongues danced and battled for dominance; hands wandered and pulled at hair. Neither could particularly fathom what exactly it was they were doing, but neither could find it in themselves to stop. The summer love that swelled between them was far too sweet, too intoxicating and mesmerizing to stop.

And man, oh man Hiccup had a way with his tongue. If Jack didn't know any better, he'd say the little Viking had practiced! The way he wove his tongue around Jack's and the habit he had of parting their lips to let it roll across Jack's lipsâ€| by the Gods, the Guardian was losing his mind â€" and with it, his restraint. He wasn't sure if he could take any more. Hiccup had shifted, straddling Jack's waist as carefully as he could without parting their lips for even a second. Without even meaning to, Jack's hands slipped further down Hiccup's back and to his ass. He strangely enjoyed touching his friend (or maybe lover was the right word?) like this, no matter how embarrassing or amateur things started off.

Though admittedly, if Jack could blush he was sure his cheeks would be on fire. He was certainly not completely oblivious to this sort of thing after a long three hundred years. Sometimes things went on, and sometimes he picked up on things he sort of wished he hadn't. But

accidental peeks and curious glances didn't mean he knew anything; Hiccup was the first boy "no, the first _person _Jack had ever felt this way for. All he knew was the basics of how things worked, and the impulses that clouded his sense of reason.

He knew how badly he wanted to be close to Hiccup, and how he was beautiful in every _sense _of the word. He knew that he wanted to show Hiccup just how much he cared about him, and to be as close to him as the Viking would allow him. He knew that his friend had a goofy laugh and a stupid sarcastic sense of humor, and sort of _amazing _eyes that shined like the summer sun, and how much he absolutely _adored _everything about him, andâ€¦ wait, what was Hiccup doing?

Jack's hands had playfully squeezed in the middle of his thought tangent, and Hiccup's hips had moved forward in response. Both boys drew back to gasp in surprise at the sudden _wonderful _heat that encompassed their lower bodies.

"H-Hiccupâ€¦" Jack groaned beneath him. The friction that had resulted before was so delicious, so sudden and so _damn good _it had both boys wiggling and gasping from every subtle movement. Jack glanced up at the little Viking, eyelids suddenly heavy and hands trembling. The sight he was greeted with stung his heart with desire.

Hiccup's cheeks were freckled and flushed perfectly, a _delightful _shade of red making its way across his face. Like Jack, his eyes fumbled to stay open. The summer suns fluttered, their radiant light barely peeking through long brown lashes that wove together slightly. His lips were parted, and his breaths were jagged and broken. He balled his hands into fists on Jack's chest and simply breathed for a moment, trying to maintain eye contact.

"Jackâ€¦ canâ€¦ can you uhâ€¦" the Viking stuttered as nervousness and eagerness combining into one complex impulse he could hardly fathom. He wasn't even sure what he was trying to say; it was strange, like he was going to ask Jack for something but he wasn't entirely sure _what _it was he was asking for. All he knew was howâ€¦ how _good _that feeling from before was, and how lost in Jack's kisses and touches he was. And now that their eyes met?

He could hardly breathe. As Winter and Summer met in an intense gaze, the two boys felt a wave of indescribable desire.

Something welled up in Jack's lifeless heart; a sense of comfort, of absolute and intangible love for this boy before him. The rush of every touch, every lock of eyes, and every stupid pick-up line since the day they'd _met_ built up inside of him and coursed through every inactive vein in his body. It was blinding. It wasâ€¦ intoxicating. It was a carnal, eager desire to show Hiccup just how much he means to him. Jack couldn't form words. He wanted to scream, to finally just let Hiccup know just how in love with him he really was. But words failed him. They froze in his throat like ice on a pond and choked him.

Everything swelled and bubbled in the pit of his stomach; without even thinking, Jack leapt forward and crushed his lips against Hiccup's in a kiss that made him dizzy and sick with desire. He pressed close to his lover (it only seemed appropriate to address him

as such), rolling him over and pressing Hiccup's back into the snow. The wind howled.

Hiccup moaned beneath him; where did that come from? Their eyes had locked just a moment ago and nowâ€| now his hands were hurriedly caressing the freckled skin of his stomach and his lips were nearly melting against Hiccup's, and it all just felt so goodâ€| The sudden passion that crushed against him was crippling; his knees shook and his eyes fumbled to stay open. But Jack never stopped, never parted their lips for a single breath. He pressed harder, closer to the boy beneath him.

Oh, Thor almighty, his kisses were maddening and his touches were _intoxicating. _But when those icy, _amazing _strokes slithered from his quivering stomach to his cloth-covered thighs, and threatened to travel even _closer_ to him, a red light flashed in Hiccup's mind. Gods, what they were doing wasâ€| indescribably amazing, but he could hardly feel his arms and leg. The stub above his prosthetic stung with a dull throb of pain. He hadn't realized he was shivering until he really focused, and Jack's touch - though electrifying and sort of exciting â€" wasn't particularly helping his situation.

Shit. He didn't _want _to stop.

"J-Jack," he mumbled beneath Jack's rough kisses. When he wasn't responding, or showing any signs of stopping, the Viking pulled away from Jack, placing both hands on his chest to gently nudge him back. "Okay, okay justâ€| h-hang on a second, Jack! OKAY, _DOWN_ BOY!"

His friend completely halted and peeked up at him with a culpable expression. Yeesh! The Guardian's eyes reminded Hiccup of Toothless when he caught him in the middle of doing something he wasn't supposed to. It almost tugged a heart string of his.

"I uhâ€| sorry." Jack stammered, not entirely sure what else to say. He jumped back a bit, rolling off of Hiccup and sitting Indian-style in the snow. His eyes lowered to the ground and he bowed his head apologetically, like a child being scolded. Hiccup chuckled a little. He was like a little kid sometimes. "Sorry. _Really _sorry. Did Iâ€| Did I go too far?"

Gods, no, Hiccup thought to himself as he sat up as well. He swallowed the lump in his throat and responded quietly, "Not at all."

The wind slowed, and Jack peeked up at him curiously.

"â€|quit making that face, you doof." The Viking sighed, letting his eyes dart between his prosthetic in the snow and Jack's face. He ran his hand along the edge of his prosthetic and winced a bit when his action resulted in a sharp shock of pain. "Look; youâ€| or, _thatâ€| _ugh. Whatever we were just doing, I meanâ€|" he huffed, peeking over at Jack as his cheeks flushed a light pink. "Iâ€| I liked it. A _lot_, actually."

Jack's eyes still refused to look at him completely, but Hiccup's comment drew a longer peek. He wasn't sure quite what to say still. "Oh. I see."

"Brilliant response." Hiccup scoffed, running his hand along his

prosthetic again, hoping to warm it with his touch. "Very well thought-out."

The Guardian rolled his eyes. This guy, he mentally huffed.

Sensing the tension, Hiccup scooted a bit closer to Jack â€“ sort of awkwardly â€“ and placed a hand on his shoulder in an attempt to console him. He fumbled for the courage to ask if they could do it again. For Odin's sake, he didn't even know what the heck they were even doing in the first place, let alone ask to do it again! Justâ€| even thinking about what they'd been doing made his knees shake and his lower regions feel awkward. But he couldn't deny that wherever all ofâ€| all of that was goingâ€| he liked it. He really liked the way Jack was kissing and touching him, and the feeling that bubbled through his body whenever the boy so much as looked at him was addictive andâ€| He liked it, and he wanted to do it again. Maybe even push further.

Well, whatever that meant. He didn't exactly know where things were going to go, but he wasn't entirely opposed to finding out. At leastâ€| not with Jack. His heart thumped a bit. It had to be Jack, he thought to himself. Hiccup made up his mind as quickly as he could. He wanted Jack and he wanted whatever all of that was.

As if to beat the nervousness that was starting to settle in the pit of his belly, he attempted to spit it out in one quick go.

"Doyâ€|auhinkweouldâ€|issgain?"

"â€|excuse me?" Jack spat. He wasn't entirely sure what in the name of Odin his friend was trying to say to him; it came out as a mumble that he could hardly categorize into a proper language. Realizing what an idiothe was for not being able to just say what he wanted, the little Viking inched closer to his friend and placed a shaky kiss on his cheek. Before he could give asking another try, he felt that dull, cool throb of pain in his leg and winced. Jack seemed to notice his expression tense, judging by the way he peeked at Hiccup's prosthetic with a sad look.

"â€|we should head back to my house." Hiccup started, smiling up at Jack despite the sting. "My leg's starting to get sore."

Jack's eyes widened a bit. Maybe he was hearing something in the first part of Hiccup's request that wasn't there, but he felt a shiver languidly roll down his spine â€“ yeah, I know; Jack shivered! He never shivers! The Guardian swallowed hard and slowly stood, offering a hand to his friend to help him up as well. "Right. Need an escort, princess?" he offered, opening his arms with a joking smile as if to say 'come on'.

Hiccup rolled his eyes. "I think I can manage."

The two trekked back to the village through the snow, hand-in-hand in a pitiful silence that neither of them were sure how to break. The wind howled with wicked intention, crescendoing louder as they neared Hiccup's house.

* * *

><p>"Your legâ€| does it feel any better?"</p>

The Viking broke from his fire-induced trance and glanced up at Jack, a slight smile stretched across his lips. "Much better. Guess it just got too cold while we wereâ€œ!" his voice trailed off and a slight blush dusted his freckled cheeks. Neither of them spoke for a short moment, before Hiccup interjected, "Well. This isâ€œ! _marvelously _awkward."

Jack forced a chuckle and sat on a nearby stool. "Yâ€œeah."

He wanted to break the barrier of silence that built between them, but he felt his eyes fixate on the glow of the fire that crackled in the hearth. Its light highlighted every feature evident on Hiccup's face. His normally radiant eyes held a warm gradient, as if the summer greeneries that normally occupied them had lit aflame. Every strand of hair in his bangs that fell across his forehead illuminated, shimmering a dull auburn as opposed to their usual chocolate color. Light traced the shape of his nose, making the reddish blush at the end a bit more noticeable; his cheeks held a similar tint. Jack frowned a bit. The poor kid was probably freezing, no thanks to him.

"Look, it wasn't _bad_, Jack," Hiccup mumbled, pressing his lips into a thin line.

Jack jumped a bit as his voice pierced through the silence. He exhaled dramatically and scooted the stool beside Hiccup with a loud, dragging screech. "No kidding," he chuckled a bit awkwardly. "You know, Iâ€œ! really liked it too."

Hiccup whipped around to glare at him; his eyebrows weaved upward in mock disbelief as his voice grew thick with sarcasm. "Yeah, that wasn't obvious or anything. I couldn't really tell with you shoving your tongue in my mouth."

The Guardian fumbled for a comeback but settled for a laugh. "Watch the sarcasm, fish-bone; you certainly didn't seem to mind it. Or maybe you forgot_ you're_ the one who toppled us over."

Hiccup flushed a bit, stammered for a response, and sighed in defeat.

Jack smirked in victory. He poked the Viking's flushed cheek playfully and chuckled. "Quit acting so high and mighty; you were just as bad as I was and you _know _it."

"High and mighty? And what makes_ you_ any different?"

"Well _I'm _the one who's willing to admit it." Jack responded, his voice laced with a chuckle.

That incessant silence made its way into the room again, settling itself just between the two of them mockingly. Jack was sitting, shoulder-to-shoulder, with Hiccup in front of the crackling hearth. The warmth of the fire wasâ€œ nice. But it was _nothing _like the warmth that Hiccup showed him. The roar of fire couldn't compare to the jagged breaths that blew from Hiccup's lips in their little escapade. Nothing matched the summer heat that worshipped Jack's lips and the tips of his fingers that afternoon. He was almost positive nothing ever _could. _Looking down between them, Jack noticed Hiccup

failing to interlock their fingers smoothly. That little dork.

He smiled and took Hiccup's hand in his own, before inhaling deeply and shifting closer. With his free hand, he cupped Hiccup's right cheek and gently turned him so their eyes would meet. He watched with an almost _sick _delight as the Viking's eyes widened.

"Since it seems like we're sort of avoiding the subjectâ€|" Jack stammered, mustering up as much courage as he could manage in spite of the _dreadful _anxiety he felt. "Would it be a bad time to ask if we couldâ€| ya' knowâ€| do it _again_?"

Hiccup's heart leapt. Every ounce of his being screamed _gods yes, _but the ounce of sentient logic he had left within him advised him otherwise. Whatever they were doing before wasâ€| was _dangerous_. It made his mind swell with wicked ideas he hoped to banish. Before he could manage to answer, he noticed the winter sprite leaning forward to capture his lips once more. He claimed a delicate kiss before pulling away and pressing their foreheads together, their breath mingling from the close proximity.

"â€|Thor almighty..." Hiccup murmured under his breath, suddenly finding it hard to breathe. And as he peeked upward a bit, he realized Jack's intense gaze wasn't helping his situation. Rather, the alluring, azure abysses of his eyes knocked the breath right out of his lungs and beckoned him closer; and the lips that parted just beneath them curved into a delightful smile that Hiccup felt an overwhelming urgeto kiss. Hiccup could feel Jack's chilled touch on his cheek and he shuddered at the feeling, realizing how close they were and just how _easy _it was to give in.

Jack's eyes wandered more, his thumb tracing nonsensical patterns on the boy's speckled cheek. "Hiccup?"

The Guardian's voice was husky, like a low melody floating through the air. It was inviting and soft, and so _damned alluring _it physically ached to wait. Hiccup stared shamelessly at Jack, his heart thumping in his chest and his lips parting and pressing into a thin line as he fumbled for a response. Curiosity gnawed at the back of his mind; he knew how dangerous the line of thought was, but was eager to find out just how far things could have gone if they'd kissed for just a little bit longer. The thought overwhelmed him. He _truly_ wanted to know.

Taking the risk of doing something _insanely _stupid, Hiccup leaned forward and pressed his lips to Jack's hesitantly.

And â€" judging by the way Jack wasn't sure how to respond at first â€" Hiccup had the pleasure of saying he'd taken the boy by surprise. His cheeks burned with a pleasant heat, and the Viking slowly slid his lips against Jack's prudently, as if to test the waters. Once he was able to fathom what was happening, Jack pressed back carefully, his fingers curling around Hiccup's cheek a bit more. It started as smooth and careful as their first had been that afternoon in the woods; they paced themselves leisurely and simply let their lips brush and glide against each other with care. The gentle touch to Hiccup's cheek slowly pulled him a bit closer, their lips never breaking the rhythmic pace. Hiccup shifted in his seat a bit, leaning closer to Jack and letting his hands slide up his pale neck and tangle into his hair. Without even meaning to, his fingers rubbed

softly at the Guardian's scalp, earning a brief sigh between kisses.

Their grips on each others' hands tightened and their fingers interlocked. Jack lifted their clasped hands and gently pulled Hiccup closer, his fingers sliding down his cheek and stroking his freckled neck before slithering even further down Hiccup's torso. His hand rested on Hiccup's boney hip and those cool fingers traced tiny hearts as their kisses dragged on longer. Jack let his eyes open slightly. He took in the sight of Hiccup's flushed cheeks and his tightly shut eyes and the way his eyelashes seemed to flutter with every movement. It made his heart leap with joy to see his expression so€ euphoric.

If you asked who made the first move, neither would be able to tell you.

Those gentle, loving glides shifted into a more passionate set of desperate presses and swipes, so sudden and unusually intense it made both boys dizzy. Every kiss lasted, lingered, and served as a prelude to a desire that swelled inside them with every subtle gesture. Jack was pleased (that would be an understatement) when he felt Hiccup's tongue shyly swipe across his lips and carefully slide past them once they'd parted. Their tongues met in the middle and both boys moaned deeply at the feeling. Those passionate kisses slowed once more, simply to allow their tongues a chance to explore and experiment. They grazed gums and teeth and bit back moans at the sensations that clouded their sense. Jack moaned. Hiccup still exhibited that marvelous talent with his tongue he had.

Oh man. Jack could feel that intoxicating heat bubbling between them. It burned and brewed and oh gods he wanted Hiccup.

Without really meaning to, the Guardian let the hand on Hiccup's waist creep down beneath his shirt and slowly slide upward, the tips of his frosty fingers kissing the warmth of his skin with care. Hiccup gasped beneath his lips. Carefully pressing their lips together once more, Jack allowed it to slip up the boy's side and slither across his stomach; he took in as much of that trembling heat as he could and chuckled a bit as he felt the boy shiver. He bit his lip a bit and reveled in the short moan it earned him, becoming acutely aware that Hiccup was turning him on.

The Viking could hardly fathom what was happening. Jack's kisses were passionate yet his touches were so soft and delicate, as if the Guardian was afraid of breaking him. It intrigued him to see how sincere and yet so intense Jack could be simultaneously, and it sparked a string of rather naughty thoughts in his head that made his cheeks flush a bit. As he felt a chill crawl up his spine with Jack's caresses, he began to wonder just how far that sincerity could go before desire took over. The thought was mesmerizing. As soon as that thought began it ended due to those sweet, arctic kisses moving from his lips to his cheeks and down his freckled neck to this amazing spot and€ and€ gods what in the name of Odin were they doing? Hiccup tried to wrap his head around the sensations coursing through his body, but found himself distracted by those deliciously cool lips pressing against his skin and those devilish fingers trailing up his torso and€

Thor almighty! Okay, yeah that was Jack's fingers tracing his

nipple.

Hiccup gasped, squeezing Jack's hand a bit as his lips pressed gentle pecks against his skin and his fingers just _barely _brushed the pert nub of skin. He let his free hand slide from his silver locks down his neck and stroked the skin there awkwardly, not entirely sure what to do as his body quivered beneath the Guardian. Those pecks lingered longer, pressed harder, and Hiccup could've _sworn_ he'd felt a few nips somewhere in there. Hiccup moaned. The suddenly submissive feeling that took over his body was uncomfortable to him; he felt useless to the heat of the moment, and in a fit of impulse decided to take action of his ownâ€|

Jack didn't even know what hit him. He was leaning forward, letting his tongue drag along the _marvelous _heat of Hiccup's jugular when he felt sudden warmth slide up his thigh and gently _dig. _Jack shuddered, exhaling sharply into the crook of Hiccup's neck. He felt a smirk tug at his lips at his friend's bold touch and felt his breath hitch as his fingers slid _further up _and just barely brushed hisâ€|

Okay. _Okay_. That was Hiccup touching him and he was _losing it_.

Jack stiffened a bit (in more ways than one, I might add) before a broken moan worked its way past his lips when Hiccup's fingers shyly curled and traced the shape of his bulge. He squeezed the boy's hand and quaked. Oh _crapâ€| crap_ that was nice. The heat... The hesitationâ€| The very fact that it was _Hiccup_ that made him feel this good admittedly amazed him. Overwhelming desire bubbled in his chest, and the boy resumed his previous actions, pressing his lips even _harder_ against the boy's skin and letting his thumb and index fingers tease his nipple tenderly. He nipped as Hiccup's fingers squeezed him just right, and pressed ginger kisses to the canvas of his neck in between ministrations.

Both boys groaned.

"H-Heyâ€| J-Jackâ€|?" The Viking stuttered, lowering his fluttering eyes a bit. Jack slowly lifted his head from the boy's neck and pressed their foreheads together, allowing their breath to mingle and their hazy eyes to meet. There was something dark in Hiccup's eyes that he liked, something mischievous yet anxious that cascaded shadows across those verdant, summer fields he'd come to adore. His bangs were beginning to cling to his forehead desperately, and the rosy tint of his freckled cheeks had darkened to an endearingly _warm_ crimson. Jack watched with fascination as the boy's lips parted and lightly pressed together as he breathed, and smiled with every dark, auburn eyelash that fluttered when he blinked. The fire's light had illuminated only half of his face, covering it in an endearing glow that emphasized the blush and dimples of his cheek when he smiled.

Jack fumbled to catch his breath. How _could _he? Seeing Hiccup so closely, he just looked soâ€| so _beautiful._ It all boiled down to that one embarrassing descriptor that Jack knew the boy hated hearing but never ceased to be despite the desperate, _intense _desire that welled up inside of him, seeing Hiccup from so close sparked something in his heart he could hardly understand. He felt his lips twitch into a genuine smile and he let his free hand cup Hiccup's

flushed cheek once more, taking a brief moment to simply look into his eyes.

"Y-Yeah, Hiccup?" he stammered, a lot less smoothly than he'd planned.

The boy caught his breath for a moment and sucked in a breath. He let his eyes lower before he stood, his hand never letting go of Jack's. "Maybe the den isn't the best place forâ€¦ for this."

Jack didn't realize understand what the heck he was talking about until he really thought about it for a moment. He fumbled for a response as he felt Hiccup's hand tug him a little bit and noticed the boy gesturing toward his bedroom door shyly.

"R-Right. Good thinking," he stuttered, mentally smacking himself for being unable to think of something to say. He stood as well, following Hiccup's lead as they stepped into the bedroom silently, floor boards creaking slightly beneath their steps. He watched with utter fascination as the boy shut his door with care, and felt his entire body stiffen as the boy stepped closer to him and pressed a light kiss to his lips. Jack could hardly read the expression on his face; it teetered between shyness and something a bit naughtier. He gulped a bit.

But with every peck on the lips and slow, intimate kiss he felt himself falling further and further into Hiccup's spell. Every slight movement between them burned in all the right ways and Jack felt like he was melting with every kiss they shared. Each held a different meaning and intensity that increased with each passing second. It wasn't long before Hiccup pulled Jack close to him and worked his tongue between his lips in that devious way Jack was starting to love. Temperatures rose and reality shifted.

In that moment, nothing could touch them.

All that mattered were the lips that fought for dominance, the icy touches just barely skimming across freckled skin, and the scattered sighs of pleasure echoing across the room. Reality meant nothing. Time seemed to still and slow to a comfortable pace, mimicking the steady melody of moans working their way through the silence of the bedroom. Two bodies twisted around each other, eagerness burning beneath the chill of the elder one's touch. Lips battled, hands wandered, and sighs ricocheted off the wooden walls. All that mattered was the perpetual desire sweltering between them.

Jack didn't remember when he pulled the boy's shirt off, or when exactly it was he'd pinned Hiccup to his bed in the first place; the only vivid memory in his mind was the intoxicating warmth that blistered and swelled between them with every touch. He remembered Hiccup's shivers and slight moans when he let his icy touches wander the freckled canvas of his chest and the bliss of feeling the texture of his skin against his fingertips. He remembered kissing the hell out of the Viking, letting their tongues clash and battle for dominance. He remembered how easy it was to fall into Hiccup's trance.

As arctic blue eyes met hesitant green ones, Jack and Hiccup simply heaved for the breath that seemed to escape them, gazes piercing and unrelenting. There something about their eyes, something distant, yet

meaningful. Perhaps it was the adoration that shined through Hiccup's hazy green ones, or the reverence that frosted Jack's. The guardian, towering above, let his hands gently lower down the freckled canvas of Hiccup's waist. The younger sighed, shuddered; this was new. Intimate. Intimidating but intoxicating, all at the same time in one dreadfully fantastic anticipation. Hiccup's eyes wavered. Jack merely chuckled, allowing his thumbs to rub tender hearts along his hips.

"You alright?" the Guardian smiled; a familiar gesture that made Hiccup's heart pound. His voice was husky; two octaves lower than the younger had grown accustomed to.

"Y-Yeah!" Hiccup stuttered as he felt Jack trace those hearts lower and lower. He glanced upward toward him and was met with a chaste kiss on the lips. Caught off guard by the gentle gesture, Hiccup sighed contently. "H-Have you ever done this before?"

The hearts stopped tracing. Jack felt a lump catch in his throat, a light blush creeping its way onto his cheeks. "Well, I uh no. You're actually my first." Glancing to the side a little, the guardian prayed that Hiccup hadn't noticed the twinge of nervousness working across his face. "I-I'm kinda new at this."

Shyness was a strange look for Jack; Hiccup had grown strangely accustomed to the bolder, braver side of his lover (screw it all if Jack wasn't his lover by now). Usually, Jack wore a knowing smirk and courageous thirst for adventure. He always had this cocky confidence about him, yet now he was blushing and hesitant, prudent yet eager. Hiccup wasn't sure if he found it cute or unusual; either way, it comforted him to know he wasn't alone in this sudden discovery of well, intimacy.

"Me too!" Hiccup chuckled nervously, his fingers dragging along the back of his neck anxiously. He felt stupid for being so nervous, but how in the name of Odin could he not be? "But I'm glad. That it's you, Jack."

He leaned forward, giving the elder's pale, cool cheek a loving kiss. "Look, maybe this is out of place but I feel weird around you. A lot. A-And I'm not sure if that's love or or what but the point is that you're important to me and ugh." Hiccup groaned in frustration. How the heck was he supposed to word this? "Screw it! I-I love you, okay?"

Jack smiled back at him, a genuine, knowing smile that sent Hiccup's heart aflutter. "I love you too." He chuckled loosely, as if a weight had suddenly lifted from his shoulders. He leaned downward, a smile tugging at his lips as he placed a gentle kiss on his lips, being careful to take his time and simply enjoy the sensation. Their lips slid slowly, almost tortuously slow but heavenly at the same time. Jack breathed heavily as they parted, taking in the blushing sight of the Viking look up at him with hazy, verdant eyes and an earnest smile that tugged at his heartstrings. Gods he was beautiful. Everything about him was just amazing.

He awkwardly scratched the back of his neck and crookedly smiled, shifting a bit so he was straddling the boy comfortably. "So why don't we draw a line in the snow here, Fish-bone! how far am I allowed to go?"

Hiccup really thought about it for a moment; how far _were _they trying to go, anyways? It all began with this wicked curiosity and nowâ€| _now _what? The Viking faltered between going through with it completely and backing out. He thought back to those embarrassing thoughts from before and conjured a _wicked _idea. He choked back as much shyness as he could, letting it settle between his fingers as he clenched his fists and sat up. The Guardian swallowed when he caught a spark of mischief in Hiccup's eyes. The Viking sat up a bit, looking up at Jack with a glare that echoed trouble and a matching smirk. It reminded Jack of when he'd challenge him to a race and the Viking would smack-talk him. Something about that tiny gleam of confidence made Jack's heart twist. He was in _trouble_, wasn't he?

"Wellâ€|" Hiccup sighed, moving up a bit to place a kiss on Jack's cool lips. "I guess that depends," he seemed to punctuate every thought with a kiss that made Jack's knees shake. "How far you're _willing _to go."

Jack was taken aback. The boy seemed so shy before and now he was beckoning him closer andâ€| and _tempting _him into spreading his legs and just having his way with him. He was toying with him, wasn't he? Poking fun until Jack would give him what he wanted, right? The Guardian met his smirk with one of his own.

He knew better than to back out of his challenges.

"Hey, I'm ready to goâ€| I'm just worried you won't _last _that long," he challenged the boy, his lips twitching upward more as he pressed their lips together slightly. Against his lips, he let his voice lower a few octaves deeper and skimmed his fingers tips along the Viking's neck and shoulders. He chuckled lowly when the boy shuddered faintly and let his hand wander lower, settling once more on those skinny hips of his.

Hiccup's mischievous smile wavered for half a second when Jack let his fingertips brush even lower, but _quickly _returned when he leaned forward to murmur in Jack's ear, "I think I can keep up."

The Guardian was about to respond when his words melted into a deep whimper as Hiccup's fingers crept and curled around his bulge once more, touches so slight and torturous it _ached_. He tensed a bit, shutting his eyes slightly as that wicked _heat _coursed through him and â€" oh _gods _he was squeezing and stroking just _right_, shifting the amount of pressure he placed against it with his palm. Despite the cloth that prevent him from truly feeling it, Jack couldn't help but melt and roll his hips forward into that sweet, sweet warmth. He groaned, his muscles stiffening.

Hiccup watched with curiously widened eyes as he experimentally shifted his hand around Jack'sâ€| _yeah_. He'd never seen him make that sort of expression before, and it honestly fascinated him. Jack's eyebrows weaved together and tilted slightly upward, tugging his eyelids closed beneath thick, silver lashes. He was fascinated by the rise and fall of the tides as Jack's eyes fluttered open and closed; the waters dulled and darkened with a glaze that Hiccup could hardly recognize. He continued at a bit of a quicker pace and swallowed hard, wondering if his eyes looked similar.

Jack's cheeks held the slightest blush (or maybe Hiccup was just imagining that) and just beneath them his lips parted and pressed into delicate, thin lines with every shuddering breath he took. Each shattered exhalation felt like a cool breeze barely gracing the boy's lips, and his eyes wandered from those frostbitten purples to the pale skin of Jack's neck. In the limited light, it seemed to glow like freshly fallen snow, unmarked yet untamed and Hiccup found himself unintentionally leaning forward to kiss it. He could _feel _the vibration of Jack's moan against his lips, could _feel _him trembling as his touches grew more urgent and his kisses trailed along his neck until he ran out of room with that _damn_ hoodie in the way.

The Guardian slipped away from him for a moment, letting their eyes lock _intensely _as he tugged off his hoodie. Hiccup swallowed.

He tried his hardest to maintain the penetrating stare down Jack had initiated but found his sights slowly drifting down his chest and across his arms, taking in every newly exposed inch of skin at a steady pace. Amidst his shirtless-Jack induced trance, he heard a low chuckle spawn from the Guardian. By the time he snapped out of it, his back had hit his bed and Jack was looming over him, a devious little smirk igniting across his face. He felt the slightest warmth flush his cheeks as Jack leaned down and pressed their lips together, shifting his position so his knee slowly moved between the Viking's legs and _upward_, pressing lightly against the pooling heat below his belt and â€"

Oh... Oh _gods _why did that feel good?

He bit back a moan when Jack's lips departed from his (even leaving a tiny goodbye peck in their wake) and trailed down, _down _his freckled neck and lower to his chest, placing light kisses across the skin over his heart before straying right a bit. Hiccup peeked down at him and noticed the Guardian's abysmal blue eyes look back at him, as well, before a tongue slipped low and grazed the tip of his nipple lightly. He felt a jolt of excitement race up his spine and a yelp worked past his lips in response to it. Jack's eyes narrowed and Hiccup could've _sworn _he caught his lips twitching into a smile from the limited view he had of them. Jack's knee nudged him slightly and he covered his mouth with his hand to block out a second cry.

Jack raised an eyebrow. _Well, this is new._

He let his lips circle the pert nub of skin tenderly, tugging it playfully with his teeth every once in a while as his hands slid down the boy's waist to unclasp his belt. He noted the tensing of Hiccup's muscles as he did so, and attempted to undo the clasp with one hand to allow the other to rub his sides soothingly. Jack could feel one of the boy's hands wiggle between their bodies as well to assist him, and when the damn thing finally came loose the Viking took no time unhinging his prosthetic and sliding off his pants, letting them fall into a pile beside the bed. He watched with fascination as his lover did the same, desperately trying to keep the intense crash of waves against summer greeneries between them as he stripped.

Jack slid out of his pants with ease and dove for Hiccup, reveling in the sweet, _intoxicating _heat that met his lips and fingertips upon finding Hiccup's bare skin. He let their lower bodies meet the same

way they had that afternoon and grinded hard into the shuddering body beneath him, catching Hiccup's blissful moan between his frostbitten lips as he crashed them against the younger's, desperate and so damned eager to feel him. He could feel him hardened beneath him and groaned as their tongues battled mercilessly. Without really meaning too, he slid his hand down the boy's bony hips and past the waistband of his briefs. Jack sighed at the heat his fingertips found as Hiccup cried out.

"J-Jack!" he stammered, fingers digging into his biceps as a cool touch surrounded his member. Oh gods Jack was touching himâ€! Jack was touching him. He could hardly process the thought and hardly had the capacity to do so as he felt those arctic fingertips drag along the underside slowly. Gods, oh gods Hiccup could hardly fathom the sensation and his eyes fell shut as his lips parted for a long, exasperated moan that shook to the rhythm of Jack's haphazard strokes.

The Guardian watched his reactions carefully while he marveled the thick (but sort of short) hard heat in his hand. It mesmerized him, really, how such slight touches could reduce his cocky little friend toâ€! well, this. The heat itself was addictive to the touch, as well; Jack was embarrassed to admit he liked the warmth it emanated, but how could he not? He was basically a walking icebox; a little heat now and then wouldn't kill him! Refocusing on the matter at hand, an idea took shape in his mind and â€“ with as much smoothness as he could manage using a single hand â€“ he tugged off Hiccup's briefs and watched with a bit of fascination as his member eagerly sprang out. He took a moment to simply appreciate the warmth in his hand and the euphoric expression stretched across Hiccup's face.

Jack thought he saw the slightest smile tugging at his lips and it warmed his heart. He could stare at him like this for hours, pressed against the bed with his eyes barely shut and his cheeks freckled and marvelously flushed. He loved the way Hiccup's fingers pressed into fists and how he carefully curled them across his chest, his heavy breaths just barely moving them. His back was arched faintly; his knee bent as well (the stump lay across the bed motionlessly) and â€“ upon peeking over â€“ Jack noticed his toes curling a bit. He felt a smile creep along his lips.

Beautiful. Hiccup was just... completely and utterly beautiful. From the bottom of his heart, Jack wished he could make Hiccup feel this good all the time, simply to watch his expressions shift and his cheeks flush like autumn leaves; to listen to his endearing voice twist between hushed whispers and desperate sighs; to feel that blinding heat his skin seemed to emanate; to gaze into those summer green eyes that knocked the breath right out of him. He wished he could be beside Hiccup this closely all the time.

Maybe evenâ€! (dare he think it) closer.

But now wasn't the time for that, Jack knew. Now was the time for drawing crude boundary lines in the snow and figuring out all the right and wrong places that made Hiccup tick; all the places that would get him screaming beneath him without him even doing much of anything, really. It was a time for loving experimentation and carnal curiosity, for letting Hiccup know how much he really meant to him; that last step would have to be taken later, whenever the little

Viking was comfortable with it and was positive he wanted to.

Bridging from his adoration stupor into his previous idea, Jack let his hand wrap around Hiccup once more and gently stroke him. He was delighted to hear that heated moan as he placed a kiss to each of his thighs. The Guardian crawled back over the little Viking, never slowing his strokes nor quickening the pace. He pressed their foreheads together; gazing intently down at Hiccup's enraptured expression before interjecting in a hush, husky tone:

"Hey, Hiccup; c-can I try something?"

The Viking peeked up at him through fluttering eyelashes and leaned up to peck his lips gently. "Try what?"

"Justâ€| trust me." Jack kissed the tip of his nose and smiled softly, letting his lips move back down to kiss him properly. "I'll make it feel really good."

Hiccup nodded, his smile laced with a hidden excitement that sent Jack over the edge. The Guardian trailed his tongue down the boy's neck and slowly down his chest â€“ stopping to lap at his nipple for a moment â€“ and halted at his hips. Jack carefully nipped the skin, letting his tongue roll across the marks apologetically as the Viking yelped. His free hand braced his hipbones as he languidly dragged his tongue lower, pushing his hips down firmly when he finally reached his destination. Carefully, Jack placed a chaste kiss on the end of Hiccup's member and let his tongue hover across its wondrous heat. Jack gaped at him with curious eyes.

This was the first time he'd ever heard Hiccup scream his name.

Curiosity burned like wild fire in the pit of Jack's stomach; all he knew was the carnal desire to hear him scream like that over and over, louder if he could get him to. He let his top of his tongue prudently trail across the head of Hiccup's member before letting it slide along its length slowly. The heat that seared against his tongue made his own member twitch with excitement and wild curiosity; Hiccup's moan didn't particularly help that cause either, as it echoed across the room and escalated when the Guardian repeated his actions. His hips quivered beneath Jack's hands as they attempted to rise. Something about Hiccup's reactions were amusing to him. He seemed sensitive to slightness and it gave Jack devious ideas for future escapades.

Assuming the Viking had had enough; Jack placed an open-mouth kiss on the very tip of his member before letting it languidly slide into his mouth, groaning against it a bit as its warmth filled him. With every glorious, hot inch he took in he let his tongue lap at the underside, being sure to take his time as he took the boy into his mouth. He focused on every marvelous detail; the hips that rose and fell beneath his fingers tips; the hand that was weaving its fingers in his hair with each passing second; the blissful look on Hiccup's face; the way his body seemed to tremble beneath him; the sounds that rose from his throat â€“ oh gods those sounds were spectacular.

His voice was a bit higher in pitch than Jack was accustomed to, but

with every swipe of his tongue it wove into a glorious symphony of breathless moans that cracked and scattered through the air. It fascinated the Guardian, really, how they seemed to crescendo when he slowly began bobbing his head at a modest pace, and how they effortlessly shifted into desperate cries when he started to suck. He wondered how loud he could make him scream.

Hiccup could hardly breathe. He heaved for air but beneath the Guardian it seemed to escape him with ease. The sensation of Jack's lips molded against his member and the unusual warmth that engulfed him was too much to bear; his heart raced and his body shook and gods dammit he wanted Jack to move faster. He wanted to chase that twinge of excitement and the white, hot pleasure brewing in his lower regions. The Viking let his fingers tug a bit at his lover's hair, one eye fluttering open to peek down at him and see if he picked up the signal. He noted the slight smirk and gulped a bit.

Jack took him as far into his mouth as he could manage and quickened his movements, rolling his tongue along the underside teasingly as he bobbed his head at a more urgent pace. He reveled in the quivering gasps and breathless moans it earned him and savored the taste of Hiccup on his tongue. He smirked faintly when he felt Hiccup's grip on his hair tighten and his hips shoot up into his mouth when he swallowed slightly. Jack glanced up at him, their eyes locking intensely as he pulled back to simply lap at the head. The Viking groaned, lolling his head back and lacing Jack's name into each of his jagged breaths. He could feel the heat building, rising and brewing in his lower body and Hiccup could hardly fathom it. He chased that sweet, sweet release that Jack was bringing him near and groaned with every passing second it crept closer to him.

And when it came, the Guardian swallowed eagerly, continuing his motions to let the little Viking ride out the waves of pleasure raking through him. He savored every delectable moan that tore from the boy's throat that cracked and scattered across the room symphonically. Jack watched his face carefully, taking in the look of complete and utter bliss that took over his expression. He grinned as he pulled away, swallowing the hot substance in his mouth before moving up to get a better look at him. His eyes were tightly shut, long lashes fluttering slightly as the reds of his cheeks softened; his skin gleamed with what Jack could only assume was sweat, making his bangs loosely cling in short tufts across his forehead. The Guardian of Fun smiled, enjoying every subtle twitch of Hiccup's lips and heavy breath he took. He lightly kissed each of his eyelids, letting his body shift his body comfortably so he could properly look at him. Both boys tried to catch their breath.

"You're you alright?" Jack pressed a chaste kiss to Hiccup's cheek and peered down at him, eyes narrowed a bit and a smile tugging at his lips. With one of his hands, he cupped the opposite cheek tenderly and traced his thumb over his freckles. His heart twisted and warmed as he watched the boy's glorious green eyes flutter open, those stunning greeneries breaking through the long, brunette cages of his lashes. Thor almighty he was beautiful, so damned breathtaking Jack could barely stand it.

"Y-Yeah," Hiccup stuttered, glaring up at his lover with exhausted, drooping eyes as he regained his breath. His hand moved up to cup Jack's cheek as well and he sighed a bit at the chill that lingered on his pale, white skin. "Gods, Jack I'm" he wasn't entirely sure

where his thought was going, but as quickly as it came it ended when his eyes lowered from Jack's abysmal blue eyes to the bulge evident in his boxers. Hiccup's eyes darted back and forth. With his other hand, he squeezed it lightly as he gazed into his eyes. Jack wavered. "You're still hardâ€| do you want me toâ€|?"

Hiccup waited for a response but he expected he wouldn't get one judging by the way Jack's mouth moved to form words but no sound came out. Instead, shuddering breaths passed his lips and his eyes fumbled to stay open; something about the look on Jack's face _amused _the little Viking. He let his fingers slip past the waistband of his boxers to wrap around him and his eyes widened as The Guardian _groaned. _Hiccup smirked slightly. Jack's reactions were oddly amusing to him.

Feeling a sudden rush of pleasant _dominance _course through him, he tugged down the Guardian's boxers with a grin, letting his fingers curl around his member and tug carefully. He flushed a bit when his eyes peeked down at him, noting that his member rose a bit higher than his did. Pushing back his thoughts, he set a modest pace with his hand and placed a kiss on Jack's exposed neck. _Hiccup watched intently as Jack's abysmal eyes fluttered shut, his gaze wavering. He let his lips press against his pale neck over and over, eventually quickening the pace he moved his hand and sucking on the skin _hard_. -

Jack wasn't sure if he loved or _feared _Hiccup's tendency to surprise him like this. Hiccup's boldness had a tendency to catch him off guard, and now that hot touch of his hand on his member was driving him _insane_. And the way he was sucking on the juncture of his neck and shoulder had him tilting his neck to give allow him more room; his hips rolled into his touch and he could have _sworn _he heard Hiccup snigger against his skin. He couldn't find it in himself to care, though. He lapped at his neck and let his tongue move a bit downward more, mimicking Jack's previous gesture by let his tongue skate across his nipple gently. The Guardian arched his back, letting his chest move into the touch. Hiccup experimented like that for a while, rolling his tongue along different parts of Jack's neck and chest hesitantly, his grasp on the boy's member tightening slightly as he pumped it. He jerked him off for a while, watching his expression shift and twist with pleasure gradually. When he reached his climax, the little Viking pressed a kiss to his cheek and pulled back to watch him loll his head back with a long, drawn-out _moan_.

They sat there for a moment, foreheads pressed together as heat pooled between them; Jack gasped for air while Hiccup pressed tiny kisses to his cheeks. When he finally managed to regain a steady heartbeat, the Guardian let his eyes open and lock on his lover's, their gazes meeting in a softer manner than they had before. It was in that moment Hiccup noticed something shimmering in the oceans of Jack's eyes, something that reflected off the water and glistened brightly like the full moon. He wanted to call it love, the endearing little glaze slowly overtaking the overwhelming blues. It tugged at his heart and let a wave of sincere _happiness _settle in his chest.

Jack pressed a kiss to his forehead and smiled crookedly. "â€|hey, Hiccup. Iâ€|"

"Iâ€œ! I know, Jack," Hiccup smiled too, letting his eyes lower to the boy's lips and then back to his eyes. "Me too."

They laid down together, Hiccup curled up against his chest and Jack hugging him close as they drifted into a comfortable slumber. And outside, the wind howled.

* * *

><p>Author's Note: I'm reading over this I realize I didn't write Hiccup as boldly as I intended to, and that was a pretty lazily written blowjob and ending so I'll probably post another PWP in the future with that as a warning. I use the word "probably" very loosely, because I _know _how my mind works and I _know _this is where it'll lead me eventually, soâ€œ! yeah. I like to think Jack's a topper, but Hiccup is the moreâ€œ! erâ€œ! **bolder **one. Jack strikes me as the kind of person who'd treat someone he loves really tenderly, while I feel like Hiccup would be the kind of bottom who's large and in charge; like, Jack would be really gentle but lose it 'cause Hiccup knows _exactly _what to do to make him go crazy/what turns him on the most.

ahem Just a head-canon for next time. By the _gods _my cheeks are red. Thank you for reading!

End
file.